THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

I have seated myself to inform you of an institution that is about to be established by a Company of Gentlemen, for the benefit of that *useful* class of our fellow citizens, *vulgarly* called "*Loungers*;" which promises to be productive of the most felicious consequences; for, it will be a means of guarding them from the sour looks and secret imprecations of those *churlish* mechanics, shop-keepers, and others, who have long complained of their society as a burden; and it will likewise give them a charming opportunity of indulging themselves in the delicious pleasures of a quiet lounge.—For these *laudable* purposes, there is to be erected a large and commodious building to be styled "*Lounger's Hall*;" and, in order to accommodate the various characters which may be inclined to frequent the house, it will be divided into a number of apartments, where each may indulge the particular bias of his disposition without interrupting his neighbours.

The first apartment that you enter, is to be called the "*Vacant Lounger's room*," this is particularly fitted up for that description of citizens, who have *nothing to do*, and do not know what to do with themselves; this takes in a large number of the Lounging fraternity, and consequently requires a large chamber; this is, therefore, to be the largest room in the house, and will be furnished with arm chairs, easy chairs, sofas, settees, &c. and as ease and convenience is of the *first* consequence, the visitors may loll in their chairs, smoke segars, chew tobacco, and spit on the floor without the *least* scruple, for, it savours of squeamish nicety to hear a man ask leave of a company to smoke segars, or, to see him get up and go to the fire-place to spit when he is chewing tobacco: Besides this Hall is to be accommodated with fifty or sixty ventilators in the ceiling to carry off the smoke, so that there will be no danger of suffocation.

The next chamber is to be styled the "*Political Lounger's Hall*," and, besides the accommodations and privileges of the aforesaid room, here, a man may bawl as loud as he pleases, stamp his foot, contradict his antagonist, decry all government, and defy the laws: here, likewise *all* may speak at a time without the *least* impropriety, and, in order that the noise may not create any disturbance with their *mopish* neighbours, this room is to be made fire proof, to have double walls; an arched ceiling, and brick floor, and will be found a most agreeable resort for the Political Lounger. N. B. All the red hot newspapers that are printed in the United States are to be received regularly at this room.

The next chamber is to be called the "*Lounging Swearer's Room*," where those addicted to this elegant accomplishment will find the most delightful accommodations; this room is to be so constructed as to give a complete echo: for this purpose a most ingenious artist is to be employed—and this property, it is presumed, will be a high recommendation, *here* the politest oath will be returned to the ears of the swearer in all its original *harmony*; *here* the highest toned blasphemy will resound on the hearing without losing any of its *force*, here the sound of the bitterest imprecation will return to the curser with its own *native poignancy*, and here all may curse, swear, and blaspheme, without giving the least offence.—I had like to have forgotten to tell you, there was a part of this room elegantly furnished for the ladies, who are making a rapid progress in the *delicate* accomplishment of swearing.—'Tis proposed to have this chamber ornamented with many elegant historical engravings, such as Shimei cursing David, Peter cursing and swearing *after having denyed his Lord*, and a sublime scene of representing the *"fifth angel pouring out his vial upon the seat of the beast: and the people blaspheming," with many other interesting representations.

The next apartment is to be fitted for the "*Splenetic Lounger*," who is a little apt to be dissatisfied with every thing he meets, and finds fault with all he sees (except himself,) who is always finding imperfections but never mending them. The splenetic Lounger will find this a most agreeable retreat; for the walls are to be covered with mirrors which will reflect his *own dear perfect* self in all positions, and besides, this room is to be ornamented with half a dozen of the most finished marble statues which will never be offended with any ill-natured remark he may *chance* to drop, nor frown if he should call them ugly.

Adjoining this room there is to be a little chamber for the "*Infidel Lounger*," and it is proposed to hire half a dozen men, whose duty it shall be to sit and hear their *very improving* conversation, to laugh, and *appear* to be pleased at all their *attempts* at wit, and to praise them as the *enlighteners* of mankind, the *promoters* of *morality*, and the choice spirits of the times.

There will also be a room entitled the "*Polite Lounger's Hall*;" this is to be an oblong chamber where the young sons of fashion may have an opportunity of walking up and down before each other, and shewing to the best advantage their fine clothes: Here it will be lawful to practice the full strut, to sing, or hum aloud as they walk, to look with contempt on inferiors, and obsequiously to bow to all superiors; and it will not be deemed a breach of good manners, to

* Revelations xvi. 10.

rail at Religion, or to swear a genteel oath even here; 'tis purposed to admit ladies into this room.

There are rooms proposed for many other classes of *Loungers*, which are under consideration, such as, the "*Lounging Lover's Hall*," which will be ornamented with elegant engravings and paintings by the best masters representing little Cupids, bows & quivers, darts and flames, &c. likewise many representations of pastoral life, Collins and Phyllis's Damons and Daphine's, &c. &c. also scenes from the great variety of *very chaste* Novels that abound in our city, and *polish* our hopeful youth; great care will be taken to exclude any *rational* books from the large collection with which it is proposed to embellish this Hall; as such productions would be tasteless and absurd with the frequenters of this delightful chamber; and in compassion to the languishing lover, there will be no looking glasses in the room. It is also proposed that no young gentlemen under eleven, nor any young lady under nine years of age shall *in any wise* be admitted, because we think that before they arrive at *these* periods of life, they ought to be learning their books and acquiring the qualifications for making useful citizens and good house-keepers.

Next the "*Literary Lounger's*" room which will be found by many a very instructive place; it may be used for debating, for criticising the literary productions of the present day and of times past; for refining the Classics, giving harmony to the Poets, &c. &c. and it will not be thought unreasonable if in the course of an argument the speaker should *prove* white to be black, and black white; that all colours were alike, and that there was no such thing as colour; that matter was spiritual, and spirit material; and that *all* things were *ideal;* that sensation was *only* in the mind, and feeling a mere whim; that cold and heat were the same thing and both nothing at all; and many other such *very reasonable facts.*

There are many other rooms (as I said) proposed, but I need not mention them as they are not decided on; some have been rejected, such as those for the "*Mercantile Lounger*," &c. there being Halls already built for them. If we should conclude to add any more, I'll endeavour to let you know of them in a future paper. And as this institution is for the good of the public, it is hoped that all concerned will come forward and generously subscribe their proportion towards defraying the expences of erecting and furnishing the building completely, and we rely on the well known liberality of our citizens in every useful undertaking for the means of completing this momentous project, which promises to be of great utility to a large body of the members of the community.

Subscriptions received at my office in Loungers Court, where attendance will be given as soon as I am out of bed, which is about eleven o'clock every morning (Sunday excepted, when I lay till one, and do no business the rest of the day) and until I shut up at four in the afternoon to take a nap for refreshment.

Yours forever,

SAM SAUNTER.

April 1st, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

TO CARLOS—IN ANSWER TO HIS EPISTLE.

Far, from disease and Philadelphia far,
Bright plains receive thee to a purer air,
While recollection charm'd, and safe ashore,
Delights to draw the tempest's distant roar;
The tempest wing'd with wrath, with fears with cries,
And human nature's last expiring sighs.—
Escap'd its rage, soft zephyrs and gay hours,
Allure thy feet to amaranthine bowers,
Stay the vain passions, stay the ruffling cares,
And drive far hence the soul-subduing fears.
And now the muses (sacred be their name)
Deign in thy glowing breast, to light their flame,
Guide the sweet tenor of thy rural lays,
And deck delightful Grange with verdant bays;
Or now exulting, thrilling, the Aonian choir,
Mingle their chords, or raise their voices higher,
Bid rapt attention call thy listening ear,
And Darwin* rob'd in holy fillets, hear;
While he, illum'd by philosophic ray,
The wonders of wide nature's fane display,
Sweep th' enchanting shell with hallowed rage,
And stamp in adamant the classic page.
Or now at the soft hour of rising day,
At splendid noon-tide, or at evening grey,
O'er woody wilds, curv'd shores, and pansied meads,
With pensive step lone contemplation leads;
Bids thy bright eyes, the varied scene survey
Or raptur'd dart them at the warbling spray;
View the soft loves that wake th' opening flowers,
The maids and swain, within their amorous bowers,
View the dark beetle in his airy ring,
The silver butterfly, with quivering wing,
Or low on earth the slowly sliding snail,
With eye tip'd horns and finely painted mail.—
Or now where yon tall trunks fantastic wreathe,
Their roots on high and sip the rill beneath,
On matted grass, and near the crumbling think,
She spreads a verdant seat to sit and drink;
While o'er thy busy mind reflection throws
Her mirror darkling with the sick clad woes,
And pity at her side calls down the tear,
For corses laid within the black-roof bier.
So the soft powers that rule his matchless song,
Oft lead the bard botanic from the throng,
Visit his slumbers with their secret lore,
Ope to his eyes, in spells their golden store:
Or bid him rove in lov'd enthusiast mood,
O'er winding shore dank dell or towering wood,
Onward where Derwent's glittering naiad laves
Her bending borders with prolific waves,
Admire her musky flowers—their ray-ting'd bloom,
And drop a tear o'er lov'd Milcena's tomb,
So pass thy moments wing'd with pleasures fine,
Bless'd by Hygæia, and the tuneful nine.
But now far hence, more distant plains of bliss,
Press thy light feet, and wander as they press:
And oh! where'er thy lingering steps abide,
May no dark hap, no casual ill betide;
No luckless tree round thy devoted brow,
Thundering on earth, his loosened branches throw;
No adder lie across the roseate way,
In grim repose expectant of his prey!
But radiant virtue round thy honour'd head,
In circlets gay eternal blessings shed,
And gently guide thee with her fostering hand,
Safe o'er the plains of PENN's auspicious land.
Fain would I leave awhile those dark retreats,
For rural shades—to taste their balmy sweets,
Give to the winds, or leave each care behind,
And ease from all its load my sick'ning mind;
Fain would I trace with thee the laughing plain,
Sweet rural Grange and all his living train,
His tree hung walks high woods and wreathy bowers,
His warbling shades and sweetly scented flowers;
Upon his cressent seat recline at ease,
Sooth'd by his murm'ring rill and rustling trees,
And echo as she pours along his dell,
The soft symphonious music of her shell,
Or hence, far hence, explore new planes and woods,
And share the dangers of untravell'd roads.
But fate forbids.—Within those wilder'd walls,
At morn and eve unanswering duty calls,
To woe great Pæan, and his care benign
And lift meat-offerings to his mistic shrine;
Where many an altered form, and visage pale,
In silent accents tell the hapless tale;
Where moody-madness, of wild passions born,
Muses recluse in ghastly state, forlorn,
Or weeps, or laughs, or desultory sings,
Totters along, and speaks unmeaning things;
Or with fierce eyes, lank jaw, and horrid, brow,
Loud raving clanks his iron chain below.
Here oft I take my stand on cupola high,
Ken the wide prospect, circled by the sky,
Pause on yon furrow'd field of recent dead,
And Philadelphia, thy fair roses fled,
Implering call the wind, the frost, the rain,
With many a sigh, and many an anxious pain:
And here beneath yon oft accustom'd shade,
Where wildly wandering no rude foot invade,
What time still Cynthia spreads her silver round,
And not on earth is heard an echoing sound,
I sit, the dangerous passions far away,
And raise in youthful pride, th' adventerous lay.
Yet oft at that lone hour, fill my rapt breast,
The sadly pleasing thoughts of pleasure past,
Of absent friend, and thee, O SMITH! no more!
Fallen in thy charms, and in thy vernal hour.
Dear as the light, that Sol's gold beams impart,
Dear as the drops, that cling around my heart,
Tell the lov'd youth, amid the neighbouring moan
Of gasping thousands, heaving the last groan!
You shed, O Nine, on that disastrous day,
The tender tear, and pour'd the sorrowing lay!
For you upon his birth propitious smil'd,
And partial own'd him for your favourite child;
Bad him with wonder, and with rapture trace,
The laughing features of fair nature's face;
O'er your illustrious bards, delighted pore;
And learn your sweet traditionary lore;
Wake with nice touch, the silver sounding lyre,
Sweep the loud chords, and wing the song with fire.
But when Contagion, with envenom'd breath
Shook from his airy throne, the seeds of death;
In vain you call him to your green retreats,
Your mossy fountains, and your bowery seats;

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* CARLOS took with him into the country, Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden, by way of amusement.

Devoid of fear, with learning by his side,
Unmov'd the typographic art he ply'd—
The young disease, wak'd by some demon's rage,
Asserts its sway, o'erpowers his vigorous age;
Along his system, steals in tremors fleet,
Shakes his lax arms, and chills his torpid feet;
In his red cheek, and redder eye-balls glows,
Burns in his bosom, rends his aching brows,
Goads and inflames his stomach's velvet sides,
In torturing trains, thro' every fibre glides,
Or with delirium fierce, assails, inshrin'd,
In the bright brain, the shadowy tribes of mind.
Now issuing from pale lips, dark currents flow,
Or downward seek the long canal below;
And bile in novel ducts, meand'ring dies,
His lifeless limbs, and paints his beamless eyes;
Weak throbs his heart, and faint the living fire;
And failing lungs unalter'd air respire.
O'er all his senses shades, eternal spread,
And the young bards lies number'd with the dead!
You shed, O Nine, on that disastrous day!
The tender tear, and pour'd the sorrowing lay!
Hither ye north born gales, your wings expand,
Winnow the streets, and purge the sick'ning land,
With sounding rage, your rapid pinions ply,
And sweep the plains, the ocean, and the sky;
From the blest seats of men, and realms of day,
Oh! drive this child of Nemesis away!
Or you, ye powers of frost, at whose command,
The green woods wither, and the streamlets stand;
Lock mother earth, and white her verdant plains,
Oh! bind her fast in unrelenting chains!
Or you, ye rains, high rais'd in darken'd air,
Inshrin'd in clouds, your pearly stores prepare,
W ideo'er the heavens your powers benignant send,
On arid earth in whirling showers descend,
Save the sick plains, with living torrents sweep,
Oh! drown, oh! whelm her to your parent deep!
So may each bosom, former transports know,
A sweet suspension of impending woe;
Gay wonted blessings, Philadelphia own,
And CARLOS, with Hygeia seek the town.

Oct. 18th, 1793.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Dear Friend P. H.

Blessed are they that are kept by the Lord: it shall go well with them; and this all have daily need of, whom the Lord has visited in this day; O! they can say now as ever in days past, that such are preserved in perfect peace, and live in a quiet habitation: the Lord stays the minds of his people every where upon him and keeps them in the hour of trial. I perceive by the two letters, how things have been, and my soul has been made sad by reason of that jumble that was among you. I have written to B. F. about it, his letter will satisfy thee how plainly I dealt with him, and told him that a short brittle spirit will never do God's work, advising him that he would come into that weighty life which can bear and suffer, and is not so easy to be provoked. I read his letters and mine to him, to Dr. G. T. in short, I overlook all those aggravating expressions and bury them by the power of God; and you must do the like; and be patient and long suffering and commit your cause to the Lord. As to the paper of R. B. I know not where it is; next 'twas only memorandums and signified not much: it was too abrupt; furthermore as to the thing itself, this G. T. and I agreed I should write; first that if any out of tenderness of conscience (after having performed the order among friends yet before marriage solemnized) desired to inform the magistrate of their intentions in order to manifest their clearness they were left to their liberty without being judged or censured by friends, yet that they might not censure friends that keep their first practice. 2ly, that after the marriage is solemnized if any desire to carry or send the magistrate a copy of the certificate they have their freedom so to do.

These two things I remember, and if the paper were short must such vehement reflection and indignation be conceived or shown for such omission? Oh! this is not weighty enough for truth—but I hope the Lord will preserve you all in his wisdom, and love, that you may keep the seamless garment without rent, and feel yourselves covered with the same. My dear salutation in the life of Jesus Christ our Lord is to thee & brethren and all friends: O my dear friends keep low and tender in the holy seed that has visited you, that your joy may be encreased and your peace sweetly and deeply flow as a pure river.—O my soul remembers with pure prayers the arm of the Lord that was with us in your lands and countries—whatever comes of the work, God's day is sounded and the Lord's controversy is declared and all shall work together for good to them that keep their eye to the Lord. Let me hear from thee sometimes—expect suddenly the Lord permitting an account of the debate between us and ——, so dear Peter in dear brotherly kindness that is easy to be entreated I rest thy faithful friend and brother.

WM. PENN.

Lond. 19th 9 *mo.* 1677.

Dear Peter and friends,

Keep in the seed and power of God that was before all and will out-last all in which you will all be preserved in peace and quietness and so with my love to you all in Holland and England and elsewhere.

G. H.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

1.
What time bleake winter reign'd arounde,
And windes didde whistle through my cell;
When icye chaines the brookes had bounde,
And deepenynge snowes oppress'd the grounde
With chilling spell.

2.
Felle sorrowe harder onne me press'd,
And blewe arounde her colder winde;
When, lo! a bright angelic guest,
Appear'd and sweetlye thus address'd
My droopinge minde,

3.
"When stormes arise and furious blowe,
"And o'er the soule darke cloudes are driven,
"'Tis thine amidde the general woe,
"To leave these painefull scenes belowe
"And thinke onne heaven.

4.
"'Tis *there* the minde will finde repose,
"'Tis *there* we taste unfading joyes,
"'Tis *there* the flower of Eden blowes,
"And breathes perfume—a thornlesse rose
"No worme destroyes—

5.
"*There* often bende thy fearlesse way,
"*There* firmlye fix thy wavering view,
"And, warm'd by Heaven's owne cheering ray,
"Throwe every needlesse care awaye
"And hope anewe—

6.
"So passe in peace thy cheerful dayes
"And through each varied scene rejoyce,
"Make Life's shorte spanne a time of prayse,
"And oft with joye inne anthems rayse
"Thy grateful voyce.

7.
"'Tis such a life that heaven approves,
"*For heaven inne mercye sendes us woe*,
"Inne fonde affection he reproves,
"And kindlye chastens whom he loves
"Inne worldes belowe."

8.
So sang the bright angelic forme—
Her wordes like gentle dew-droppes fell,
And soone was laide the angrye storme.
Darke sorrow's cloudes no more deforme
My peaceful cell.

9.
But ere the mornynge's oriente beames,
Have tipt yonne mountayne-toppe with fyre,
Ere Nature rounde with glory gleames,
I rise, and tune to grateful themes
My soundynge lyre.

DRUID.

Wood-Glen, April 5, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"Authority and Reason on her wait."

MILTON.

I cannot agree in opinion with SOPHIA, in regard to the cause of the evil of which I complain;—it would be derogatory to that which I have hitherto entertained; inasmuch as it would destroy the idea of woman's being the more influential sex. "They compose," says Steel, "half the world, and are by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation the more powerful part of our people,"—her charge therefore appears to me to be as ill founded and unjust as it is illiberal and cruel.

"The mounds," says she, "which have been thrown around the fields of Science have in some instances given way to the force of truth and the energies of mind."—This induces a belief that instead of those mounds having been raised by the jealousy and arrogance of man, they were produced by the *false notions* and *inert powers* of female intellect.—May those notions be duly corrected, and those powers properly exerted, so shall our females have the satisfaction of finding their "narrow limits" enlarged, and their "understandings improved."

Addison tells us the endeavours of men to please the opposite sex sets them upon modelling themselves not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to those plans which they think are most agreeable to the female world—of how much importance then is it that women who are thus able to controul and model the plans of the other sex should so exert the power with which they are invested as to promote those happy effects which can only result from a desire of doing good united with the means of accomplishing it.

Sophia, although she complains heavily of our sex nevertheless acknowledges that such is the infatuation of her own that the most zealous advocates for the old system are found among women.—This I take to be an honest confession and worthy of all acceptation. Their greatest enemies are those of their own household; may they overcome them and set up a standard befitting their dignity. So shall laudable pursuits be encouraged and virtue promoted—women be improved and men reformed.

Obadiah Thoughtful.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Verses written by a Gentleman at Nova Scotia to his wife.

Believe me, Love, this vagrant life
O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,
While far from children, friends and wife,
Or place that I can call a home,
Delights not me—another way
My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay.

In piercing wet, and wintry skies,
When man would seem in vain to toil,
I see, where'er I turn my eyes,
Luxuriant pasture, trees and soil—
Uncharm'd I see—another way
My fondest hopes and wishes lay.

Oh! could I through the future see,
Enough to form a settled plan,
To feed my infant train and thee,
And fill the rank and style of Man;
I'd cheerful be the livelong day,
Since all my wishes point that way.

But when I see a sordid shed,
Of beachen bark, procur'd with care,
Design'd to shield the aged head,
Which brutish mercy placed there:
'Tis too, too much—I cannot stay;
But turn with streaming eyes away.

Oh! how your heart would bleed to view
Six pretty prattlers like your own,
Expos'd to every wind that blew,
Condemn'd in such a hut to moan—
Could this be borne, Cordelia, say?
Contented in your cottage stay.

'Tis true, that in this climate rude,
The mind, resolv'd, may happy be,
And may, with toil and solitude,
Live independent and be free.
So the lone hermit yields to slow decay;
Unfriended lives, unnotic'd dies away.

If so far humbled, that no pride remains,
But moot indiff'rence which way flows the stream;
Resign'd to penury, its cares and pains,
And Hope has left you like a fainted dream—
Then here, Cordelia, bend your pensive way,
And close the evening of Life's wretched day.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

An Epistle from William Mott, to his much afflicted and respected friend Clements Willets, at Bethpage, on Long Island.

"Remember them that are in bonds, as bound "with them, and those that suffer adversity, as be-"ing yourselves also in the body.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be "joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards it "yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto "them that are exercised thereby." Heb. 12.

Dear Friend,

Since I saw thee last, I have several times found an openness of mind and inclination to write to thee once more, and to commemorate the tender mercies and singular favours which divine goodness hath been pleased to confer upon thee, in a situation which some may be almost ready to think of all others the most miserable; but they who thus judge according to the outward appearance, and measure happiness and misery, not by the unerring standard of eternity, but according to the deceitful apprehensions of mortality, they cannot penetrate into that glory which is within the veil, nor discern the excellency of the divine life which is hid with Christ in God: under the consolating influences, a hidden remnant of his little ones (at times and seasons when he is pleased to bring them into his banquetting house, and spread the banner of his love over them) can experimentally testify that in his presence there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand are rivers of unspeakable pleasures for evermore. Though thy body be confined to a bed of wearisomeness and affliction, and thy outward senses be deprived of those enjoyments which the world calls comforts and pleasures; yet, if thy mind be at liberty in the spiritual world, and can have free access to the tree of life, and drink of the rivers of Paradise, thou wilt know that there is nothing in the region of mortality that deserves the name of pleasure or misery: for they that live in temporal pleasures, "are dead while they live," and the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed; for these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will, as we abide in the faith and patience of the saints, be instrumental to work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and we shall know by experience, that "all things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord Jesus," and serve him with sincerity of heart. But peradventure here thou mayest be ready to say or think after this manner; I could willingly bear all the afflictions of this life with a cheerful and resigned mind, if the beloved of my soul would but favour me with the light of his countenance, and the comforts of his loving presence, but when he hides his face from me and seems as though he had shut up his loving kindness in forgetfulness, and would be merciful no more, how can I then but complain, and say with one of old, (who yet was recommended as a pattern of patience) Oh "that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle shone upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness." Job xxix. 2, 3. But now he hides his face from me, my soul is troubled and refuses to be comforted, and cannot but lament, saying, Wo is me, that I sojourn in Mesheck, and dwell in the tents of Kedar; my life hath been a life of sorrow, and I have been afflicted from my youth; but now the Lord hath added grief to my sorrow, I fainted in my sighing, and I found no rest. These are sufferings indeed of the deepest kind; in comparison whereof all outward sufferings may well be called light afflictions; for the body of a man may sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear? and what can be more wounding to a quickened and renewed soul, than the absence of her only beloved, when he, for whom she has forsaken all, and without whom she cannot live is pleased to withhold the rays of his love, to veil the light of his countenance, and make darkness his secret place.—And yet, at such times we have the greatest opportunity for the exercise of true love, and the most perfect trial of

our faith and patience; by which we become heirs of the heavenly blessing; for blessed are they that see and believe, but more blessed are they that believe and see not: what can be a more convincing evidence of the filial affection of a dutiful son, than his being careful and diligent to do the will of his father when he is absent? or how can the entire love and faithfulness of a spouse be more fully manifested, than by her constancy and fidelity towards her husband in his absence, even though he tarry long, and she be not acquainted with the reason of his stay; yet if she be but true, and loyal to him, she will be satisfied that his heart is with her, though he be absent in body. This will preserve her so, that she will not dare to entertain one murmur, nor distrustful thought concerning him, nor seek for comfort from the society of any other; this will support her with patience and alacrity of mind, under the various exercises and trials which she may have to pass through until he shall return unto her again. Both these are pertinent and lively figures of that spiritual relation, which exists between Christ Jesus and the faithful soul; and and thus they are frequently used in holy scripture, as, "I remember thee, the "kindness of thy youth, the love of thy "espousal, when thou wentest after me "in the wilderness, in a land that was not "sown;" and again "thy maker is thine "husband, and thy Redeemer the Holy "One of Israel; for the Lord hath call-"ed thee as a woman forsaken and "grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, "when thou wast refused saith thy God. "For a small moment have I forsaken "thee, but in great mercy will I gather "thee; in a little wrath I hid my face "from thee for a moment, but with ev-"erlasting kindness will I have mercy "upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeem-"er. Moreover, I will be a father unto "you, and ye shall be my sons and daugh-"ters saith the Lord. Furthermore we "have had Fathers of our flesh, which "corrected us, and we gave them rev-"erence, shall we not much rather be "in subjection to the Father of spirit "and live? for they verily, for a few "days chasten us after their own plea-"sure, but he for our profit; that we "might be partakers of his holiness."

If our love to Christ depends only upon the sensible favours whether spiritual or temporal, which we receive from him, we are but like those who followed him for the sake of the loaves. It is no marvel if we can express our gratitude to him, when he bears us upon eagles' wings, and embraces us in his arms; we can no doubt speak in his praise, while he feeds us with the finest of the flour, and sustain us with honey out of the rock, but if we can be content and thankful to him when he turns away his face and leaves us under the discipline of his chastising rod; if we can praise his name when he brings us into the fiery furnace of affliction, and leads us through a land of drought and famine, and of the shadow of death; if in this state our faith and love remain firm and stedfast, we may then have confidence towards God, and be assured that we are founded upon that rock which can never be moved when our love to our blessed Saviour is thus pure and disinterested; when we thus love him for his own sake more than for the favours he bestows upon us, we shall follow him through the fire and through the water, and neither complain nor be hurt, nay we shall rejoice upon every occasion of doing or suffering any thing for his sake, without any desire to know the reason of his dealings with us any further than that it is his will. Our love to him will be like that of Jacob towards Rachel, whose seven years servitude for her sake, seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her.—This is that love that is indeed stronger than death which many waters cannot quench nor floods drown, for it is made perfect through suffering, though the drought may seem to consume by day, and the frost by night, and sleep may often depart from our eyes, while we lament the absence of our soul's beloved, and tremble under the apprehensions of his displeasure. Yet the bond of mutual love grows stronger and stronger, and nothing is consumed but that which has separated between him and our souls.—For he is never nearer to us than when we seem to be forsaken by him; he only hides himself from our sensitive part that he may be more intimately united to us in the secret closet of our hearts.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ON RICHES.

"It is more easy," said our Saviour, "for a camel to pass through the eye of "a needle, than for a rich man to enter "into the kingdom of heaven." And indeed we find that riches are generally attended with a degree of inattention, lukewarmness and irreligion, sufficient to justify the divine assertion. But this is a general truth, and which by no means confines the absolute impossibility of being virtuous and rich at the same time.

Experience will teach us, that many opulent persons have distributed their wealth with so much liberality that they have appeared not to possess it more for themselves than for mankind in general. Whilst on the other hand, riches in the possession of weak minded persons, by giving them the means of gratifying a multitude of irregular passions, have been the sources of much mischief; for true it is, (though shameful to tell,) many avoid vice and extravagance more from the want of fortune to support it, in what is called a *genteel manner*, than from any inherent virtue they possess. "The wise man," says Seneca, "does "not love riches to excess, but he "would by no means choose to divest "himself of them; he does not receive "them into his soul but his house; "he is careful of them and employs "them for the purpose of opening a wide "field of virtue, and making it appear "in all its splendour."

From these considerations I am induced to believe that it depends in a great measure on the possessor for the good or evil we are to receive from his wealth. We seldom see an unexpected turn of good fortune make any change in a man of understanding, except that it puts him in a situation to extend his bounties; whilst a man of contracted understanding, never fails to place his whole hope of happiness on riches. To this end he hoards up in his coffers, that, which can only benefit man in circulation and exchange for other property. But he often sees too late that his gold is only trash, in comparison with the benefits that might arise from a proper use of it.

TACITUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

An Account of Samuel Emlen's last Sickness and Expressions.

About the middle of 12th mo. 1799, his complaint returned with increasing frequency; he was very affectionate to his children, and others about him, and said "*I deem their sympathy and affection-*"*ate attendance upon me, a blessing from* "*Heaven, for which God will bless them*" —during his waking hours, the attributes of his God, whom he had long served, were almost his perpetual theme;

he was frequent in declaration of his *power*, of his *mercy*, and *goodness* to his soul, and in acknowledgement of the rich consolation with which his mind was supported, and frequently repeated, "*Their sins and their iniquity will I remember no more, and will cast all their sins behind my back,*" and in much brokenness of spirit, "*Ye shall have a song as in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept, and gladness of heart as when one goeth with a pipe, to come into the mountain of the Lord, to the mighty one of Israel.—O! the tears of holy joy which flow down my cheeks! Sing praises, high praises to my God; I feel nothing in my way, although my conduct through life, has not been in every respect as guarded as it might have been; yet the main bent of my mind, has been to serve thee O! God, who art glorious in holiness and fearful in praises. I am sure I have loved Godliness, and hated iniquity; that my petitions to the throne of grace, have have been accompanied with Faith;*" that he had a precious evidence that his sins were forgiven him, and added, "*I am not sensible of having injured any one; I have not broken up any poor family for rents, but have given up much, which is my great consolation, seeing it is the merciful who obtain mercy.*"

On first day (29th of 12th mo. 1799) he appeared to be as cheerful and pleasant as at any time; his mind being remarkably calm and covered with love, and again frequently repeated "*Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more, I will cast all their sins behind my back.*" Was comforted with the calls and sympathy of his friends, more or less of whom generally visited him every day during his short confinement within doors. He went to bed about 10 o'clock in the evening, lay awhile without any pain, fell asleep and slept comfortably for about an hour, when he awoke a little after 11 o'clock, being seized violently, which very soon appeared more alarming than at any time before: two of his near connections were called in, as well as a Physician; when he took an affectionate leave of his family: no prospect of benefit appearing from medical aid, he was rather desirous that nothing further might be attempted, but wished to lay as quiet as possible and said, "*All I want is Heaven; Lord receive my spirit;*" and was earnest that those about him might pray that he might be preserved in patience to the end: "*My pain is great; my God grant me patience, humble depending patience; call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.*" And repeated with great fervency a considerable part of the Lord's prayer, and "*O! how precious a thing it is to feel the spirit itself bearing witness with our spirits, that we are his.*" After which, "*Oh! the soul is an awful thing; I feel it so; you who hear me mind it; it's an awful thing to die; the invisible world how awful!*

His end being now fast approaching, he said, "*I intreat that nothing may be done to me, except what I may request, that my mind may not be diverted, that my whole mind may be centered in aspirations to the throne of grace.*"—Shortly after "*Almighty Father come quickly if it be thy blessed will, and receive my spirit,*" when he lay quiet awhile, the conflict being apparently over, but feeling again the clogs of humanity, said in a low voice "*I thought I was gone,*" and added, "*Christ receive my spirit,*" which were his last words; when he quietly departed without sigh, groan or struggle, about half past 4 o'clock in the morning.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Of late, I found myself distrest,
And sorrows on me sorely prest;
Dark'ning clouds hung o'er my way,
My spirits flagg'd, and own'd their sway.
But I've found sweet consolation,
To be enjoy'd in conversation,
With females sprightly, witty, fair
(As many such with us there are)
Who can cheer a heart forlorn,
A mind with care that's sadly worn—

Oh! when the toils of day are past,
And night's dark shadows gather fast;
When all dull care is laid aside,
How charming, in the eventide,
To visit some kind female friend,
And then from care the mind unbend,
In joyous converse, fraught with ease,
And all that tends the heart to please;
How grateful then a seat beside,
The cheerful Evening Fire-side!

FRIEND TO THE FAIR.

April 8th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

On looking over your last number with a view to be amused and instructed, I met with a piece signed CARAC, which appeared to me such a curious mixture of light and darkness, of Truth and Error, that I could but regret that he had used the pen before he had known, like Apollos, "the way of God more perfectly.*"

I look upon his assertion to be erroneous, where he says, if "we were to enter a *little* way into the study of ourselves, we should forget these frail tenements of body, and consider ourselves as *altogether* mind." This I apprehend to be untrue, and were a man to attempt to practice it, he would be led into endless extravagancies and inconsistencies.

He asserts in another place that the *soul* in the generality of men appears to be *extinguished* by an abuse of its powers, or from the scantiness of the knowledge they have of it; a strange assertion!!—It has, I believe, at least the merit of novelty, which *appears to be* the characteristic of many of his sentiments.

But I would enquire what CARAC means by "THAT which is lodged as a seed within, and can only be said to be a transient gleam of the true light." This *appears to be* a strange tenet; doctrine strongly militating against the divinity of Christs' spiritual appearance.

I would also ask of CARAC, what are those *essences of things*, which are so many steps by which we ascend to the great Ruler of all things, and may know "how glorious" it is "sublimely to rise toward uncreated light" and to "*penetrate* the sanctuary of the Eternal."

I am far from wishing to enter into a religious controversy; I put these questions for CARAC's serious consideration; who, I apprehend has not had his eyes fully opened, but as yet much resembles the man who saw "men as trees walking."

Religion is a sacred subject, and not to be handled with unhallowed hands: though the ark may jostle, it is not to be steadied by the efforts of human reason; Let us remember Uzza, who with a *good intention* put forth his hand unbidden and was smitten to death; this remains to be the allotment of every unsanctified exertion of the human faculties in the cause of Religion; *death* and darkness ensue. "The most perfect Genius, the most exalted Imagination," however pure their motives, unless clothed with a portion of "that wisdom which is from above," can never make one convert to vital Christianity—for the wisdom of this world remains to be "foolishness;" *it* tends to bring darkness rather than light, to obscure the divine radiance rather than to give us a perception of religious Truth.

THEOPHILUS.

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* Acts xviii. 26.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"Duplicity sometimes is dangerous by its tendency to overshoot itself—and what dupes one mind, enlightens another,"

H. LEE. *Cant. Tales.*

A singular *tractate* in this paper lately met my eyes; and were it not that my *motives* in communicating the letter of PHILENIA have been indirectly misrepresented, it would have been permitted to descend to its proper destination. I shall digress a moment from my accustomed pursuits, and notice it.

ALETHECA no doubt intended it as a "terrible tractoration;" but he has been as unsuccessful *as usual*, although he has essayed it *with some* METTLE; peradventure, with *brass*.

The general tenor of an essay may be too acrimonious; (as was the case with the letter I introduced; and on that account it met with considerable disapprobation in New York, as I am credibly informed:) yet *some* parts of it may be just and true. In order therefore that a subject, of the nature alluded to, may have its due weight, it is necessary to exhibit it in its *proper colours*, by stripping it of its superfluous incumbrances, and reducing it to a medium. A writer may have very "benevolent views;" but the end does not justify the means he or she may improperly make use of to promote it. ALETHECA considers this a "joke:" *I* think it a *serious* subject; and it ought neither to be too *lightly* nor too *harshly* treated. How carefully has he avoided the introduction of my acknowledgement, that "*some* of the observations" contained in that letter "might possibly be *useful*." Yet this qualification he asserts "*condemns* it in toto."

SUCH, Readers! is the *candour* of ALETHECA! Such is the futility of censure, when it is misdirected by folly and artifice!

To the insinuations in his last paragraph, I plead *not guilty*. But view his "*remarkable* disposition to live in peace and quietness with all men!" He comes forward, attempts to *wound*, and then, *retires*! If this be a "peaceable disposition," I acknowledge it to be a *remarkable* species of it. It would have reflected much more lustre on his *remarkably* peaceable disposition, if he had been entirely "mum," as he *very beautifully* and "*harmoniously*" expresses it! It would have conferred more credit on his *character*, if he had committed the charge of *puffing* himself *to others*.

ALETHECA! I have not yet finished. I have some words to say to *thee*. Is this the "peace on earth" which *thy* heart "remarkably" breathes? Is this consistent with that peaceable religion, the doctrines of which thou more peculiarly dost profess to follow?

ALETHECA! thou *shouldst* have seen me with other optics. A perverse partiality, perhaps, to a favourite, has discoloured and confused thy medium of vision.

Put on thy spectacles! thy own eyes deceive thee by distorting their images; for thou hast in thy haste mistaken both my *name** and my *object*.

Here I leave thee to thy own reflections; and render to thee the praise which is justly thine, for *wisely* resolving to be "hereafter" silent on a subject, on which *thou* shouldst have been the *last* to have entered—and on which, perhaps it had been better, more particularly for THEE, never to have spoken!

Thine.

RASOLA.

Hall of Sylphids. April 9. 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following which is copied from an English paper may be amusing to your readers; it contains an account of a meeting for worship, held in a theatre; a place rather uncommon now a days as a place of religious instruction; which was probably chosen as such for want of another house sufficiently large; be that as it may, it must give pleasure to every mind, who wishes well to the moral improvement of Society, to know that for once a Theatre became the place for the *propagation* of the *Gospel*.

L.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

Last week papers to the following purport were distributed through the town of Whitby—

Whitby, 25 of 8th Month, 1804.

"Friends intend to hold a meeting for worship at the Theatre, at six o'clock to-morrow evening; when the company of those who incline to attend, will be acceptable."

Accordingly, at six on Sunday evening, the Theatre, in its various parts of boxes, pit, galleries, stage, and side wings, was extremely crowded, many being obliged to return for want of room.

At the appointed time, a female friend, raised on the middle of the stage, delivered an appropriate discourse of three quarters of an hour on the Christian and Moral duties; she was followed by another sister, who closed the whole with a pathetic prayer.

The following lines were found attached to the door of the Theatre that evening, viz.—

"If, readers! you have time to spare
"Turn o'er St. Matthew's leaves,
"You'll find that once a house of prayer
"Became a den of Thieves.
"But now the times are alter'd quite
"O! Reformation rare!
"This modern den of Thieves, to-night
"Becomes a house of prayer."

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—In the British cabinet it is rumoured, great discord prevails, and that it is probable, from a variety of circumstances, that Pitt and his friends will resign.

Letter from the emperor Bonaparte, to the king of England.

SIR MY BROTHER,

Called to the throne of France by Providence, by the suffrages of the senate, the people, and the army, my first sentiment is the wish of peace. France and England are wearing out their prosperity; they may contend for ages. But their governments, do they fulfil faithfully the most sacred of their duties? and so much blood shed unnecessarily, and without any prospect of an end, does it not accuse them in their own conscience?—I attach no dishonour upon making the first step. I have sufficiently, I think, proved to the world, that I fear not any of the chances of war; it offers me nothing of which I ought to be afraid. Peace is the wish of my heart, but war has never been adverse to my glory. I conjure your Majesty not to refuse to yourself the happiness of giving peace to the world: let not this sweet satisfaction be left to your children. For, in short, there never existed a fairer opportunity, or a more favourable moment, to put an end to all the passions, and to listen only to the sentiment of humanity and of reason. This moment once lost, what term of duration can be assigned to a war which all my efforts shall have been unable to bring to a close? Your Majesty has gained more in territory and in riches during the last ten years, than the whole extent of Europe; your nation is at the highest point of prosperity. What is she to expect from war? to coalesce some of the powers of the Continent? the Continent will remain tranquil. A coalition would only increase the preponderance and continental grandeur of France. To renew the trouble in the interior? the

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*In justice to our *Pine-street* friend we must acknowledge the mistake here spoken of belongs not to him but to the Printer, who also mistook his signature by putting ALETHECA instead of ALETHEIA.

times are no longer the same. To destroy our finances? Finances founded upon a good agriculture can never be destroyed. To deprive France of her colonies? The colonies are with France only a secondary object; and does not your Majesty possess already more than you can maintain? If your Majesty will think seriously, you will perceive that the war is without an object, and without any presumable result. Alas! what a melancholy prospect, to make men fight for the sake of fighting! The world is large enough for our two nations to live in, and reason is sufficiently powerful to find out the means of reconcilement, if a suitable disposition to be reconciled exists on both sides. I have meanwhile fulfilled a duty holy and precious to my heart. May your Majesty believe in the sincerity of the sentiments I have just expressed to you, and in my desire of giving you proofs of it.

Paris, 12th Nivose, year 13, (Jan. 2, 1805.)
Signed, NAPOLEON.

—

Letter from Lord Mulgrave, to his Excellency M. de Talleyrand, Minister of foreign affairs.

"His Majesty has received the letter which has been addressed to him by the chief of the French government, dated the 2d of the present month.

"There is no object which his Majesty had more at heart than to seize the first opportunity of procuring anew to his subjects the advantages of a peace founded on a basis not incompatible with the permanent security and the essential interests of his states. His Majesty is persuaded this object cannot be attained but by arrangements which must at the same time provide for the future safety and tranquillity of Europe, and to prevent the renewal of those dangers and misfortunes by which she has found herself surrounded. Conformable to this sentiment, his Majesty feels it impossible to reply more particularly to the overture which has been made to him, until he has had time to communicate with those powers of the continent, with whom he is engaged in confidential intercourse and connection; and especially with the emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proof of the wise and dignified sentiments with which he is animated, and of the lively interest he takes in the safety and independence of Europe.

Signed, "MULGRAVE.
"*Downing-street, 14th January, 1805.*"

—

Extract of a letter from Calcutta.

"We have had some desperate fighting in this country, but I believe we have now got the better of all the native powers, who at one time were about to combine against us. Generals Lake, Wellesly and Frazer, have behaved like heroes, and indeed so have all our troops.

"Holkar has given us much trouble, but he has met with such a check, in the last business, that he will never be able to do us much harm; I think we shall soon have a permanent peace; at least inasmuch as we shall have nothing to apprehend from the native powers, who, now they are got under, will be kept from rising again in any force."

The king of Sweden has at length acknowledged the emperor of Germany in his new character of emperor of Austria.

A new city, to be called "Napaleon," is, according to a letter from Fontenoy, to be erected without loss of time, in the neighbourhood of which the emperor will have a mansion, or grand hunting box, with on extensive park, the expense of which is to be defrayed out of the funds of the crown.—The building of the town will be commenced without delay, and is expected to be finished in less than two years. The plan has been finally determined upon by the emperor.

Accounts from Cape Francois, state, that the Haytian army had gone against Santa Domingo. They were said to amount to 40,000 men. At a council of war it was determined to storm the city, and the direction of the siege was given to Gen. Brave, who, after a desperate and bloody conflict, succeeded in carrying the city. The French and Spaniards found in the city, it was supposed, were all put to the sword. A division of the Haytian army had succeeded in taking *Port au Plate*, and the town of *St. Jago*, after a most dreadful and desperate resistance from the whites; all of which, men, women and children, *were put to the sword*.—The Haytians lost one of their generals and about 1800 men.

The French squadron which has been for some time in the West Indian seas, on the 5th ult. made their appearance off Bassetterre, St. Kitts, where without opposition they took and burnt all the shipping in the roads, except three, which they sent to Guadaloupe with valuable property; made them pay 35,000l. for the town; called at Nevis, obtained 10,000 dollars, and proceeded to Montserat.

Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller, has started from England for Africa, to pursue his researches into the interior of that continent.

A letter from Marseilles, says that there has sailed from Toulon, a squadron composed of eleven sail of the line, and nine frigates. Its destination is unknown, but it is supposed they will pass the Straights. 8,000 troops are embarked on board said squadron.

We learn from an authentic source, that our government have received official notice, that our trade with the blacks of St. Domingo is absolutely prohibited, and that all neutral vessels bound to or from any port in their possession, will be seized, and the crews tried under a military commission and executed. This intelligence may be relied upon. It will soon be in our power to state it more minutely.

DOMESTIC.—A Coal-mine was, some years since, discovered upon the land of Samuel Riddle, Esq. on the Raystown branch of the Juniata, about 25 miles south west of this place: which promises fair to be a source of great profit to the proprietor, and convenience to the inhabitants of this and other towns on or near the river.

In the course of the last Spring, some persons, in the neighbourhood of the Mine, obtained permission to dig coal, which they carried down the river; and, the character given of the coal was such, as to encourage the proprietor to employ an experienced Miner, who has lately opened the Mine to a considerable extent, and has discovered a second stratum of pure Coal, running in a horizontal line, of the thickness of 10 feet and upwards.

From this mine, two labourers, with a cart and a pair of oxen, dig and carry to the river 120 bushels per day.

Charleston.—We are all very still here. In consequence of the late gale and the impolitic measure of keeping the ports open for the introduction of Africans, the prevailing opinion appears to be a desire to the further admission of slaves, and condemns the unfortunate policy which last year relaxed the system, as it is now acknowledged on all hands to be productive of great injury without even any temporary good.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H—Y—C's communication we received with much satisfaction; but it came too late for this number. The same cause prevents us from giving insertion, this week, to

ALLEN's piece. They shall both appear in our next.

TACITUS deserves our commendation for his industry, as well as for the value of his communications. We count them all well worthy of insertion.

The HAPPY FIRE-SIDE and AGRICOLA are under consideration.

The insertion of HALF FORTY, and several other pieces, are delayed for want of room.

Among the lovers of poetry, the inquiry often runs, "Why sleeps the muse of ANGUS?"

And ARIEL's disappearance is remarked with regret.

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